Pal. Tis in our power,
(Vnleſſe we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to
Be Maſters of our manners: what neede I
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Anothers way of ſpeech, when by mine owne
I may be reaſonably conceiv'd; ſav'd too,
Speaking it truly; why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follow'es his Taylor, haply ſo long untill
The follow'd, make purſuit? or let me know,
Why mine owne Barber is unbleſt, with him
My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iuſt
To ſuch a Favorites glaſſe: What Cannon is there
That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
Before the ſtreete be foule? Either I am
The fore-horſe in the Teame, or I am none
That draw i'th ſequent trace: theſe poore ſleight ſores,
Neede not a plantin; That which rips my boſome
Almoſt to'th heart's,
Arcite. Our Vncle *Creon.*
Pal. He,
A moſt unbounded Tyrant, whoſe ſucceſſes
Makes heaven unfeard, and villany aſſured
Beyond its power: there's nothing, almoſt puts
Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
Voluble chance, who onely attributes
The faculties of other Inſtruments
To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men ſervice,
And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
The blood of mine that's ſibbe to him, be ſuckt
From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
Off me with that corruption.
Arc. Cleere ſpirited Cozen
Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing ſhare,
Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will

Will reliſh of the paſture, a
Be vile, or diſobedient, not h
In blood, unleſſe in quality.
Pal. Nothing truer:
I thinke the Ecchoes of his
The eares of heav'nly Iuſtice
Deſcend againe into their thr
Due audience of the Gods:
Val. The King cals for y
Till his great rage be off him
He broke his whipſtocke a
The Horſes of the Sun, but v
The lowdeneſſe of his Fury.
Pal. Small windes ſhake
But whats the matter?
Val. Theſeus (who where
Deadly defyance to him, and
Ruine to Thebs, who is at ha
The promiſe of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach;
But that we feare the Gods
A jot of terrour to us; Yet v
Thirds his owne worth (th
When that his actions dreg
Tis bad he goes about.
Pal. Leave that unreaſond
Our ſervices ſtand now for
Yet to be neutrall to him, we
Rebellious to oppoſe: there
With him ſtand to the merc
Who hath bounded our laſt
Arc. So we muſt;
Iſt fed this warres afoote fo
On faile of ſome condition.
Val. Tis in motion
The intelligence of ſtate cam
With the defier.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (